

Perfect by KeepCalmandLoveStrangerThings

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Summary: He expected some horrible monster. He expected the Demogorgon, or some other horrific thing that had escaped from that hell of a place. He didn't expect white converse. He didn't expect torn jeans. He didn't expect a black t-shirt and jacket. He didn't expect her. Songfic about Mike and Eleven's love. One-shot

Perfect

Helloooo! So as you may know, I am obsessed with Stranger Things, and this songfic idea popped into my head. (Yes, there is a video on Youtube that is a Mileven story with this song but I only found it after I got this idea.) This takes place during the season 2 finale. Normally I hate songfics, but I think I really have a good idea with this one.

Bear with me through this:

Bold and underline- intro or outro

Bold and italicized- song lyric

Regular- Mike's thoughts or narration

Italicized- flashback

Enjoy!

He expected some horrible monster. He expected the Demogorgon, or some other horrific thing that had escaped from that hell of a place. He was cowering not far behind Hopper, scared of what ever was opening that door. He didn't expect white converse. He didn't expect torn jeans. He didn't expect a black t-shirt and jacket. He didn't expect her. He couldn't believe it at first. It had to be a dream. It had to be. But if it wasn't... Tears welled up in his eyes, tears that he had been holding back for so long, and by the look of it, so was she. And all they did was look at each other for those beautiful seconds, afraid to move or break the spell. That's when he noticed the small stream of blood coming down from her nose.

I found a love for me

He looked at her, knowing, he wasn't sure how, but he knew that this was destined to be. He knew that they would be destined to be broken apart, each broken, so that when they found each other again, their love, their bond would be stronger. He knew that the universe, or God, or what ever being existed in finding the paths of life had

created them for each other. Pushing them together at the perfect moment, when both were vulnerable and broken, so that they could heal because of each other. He knew that she was the one, the only one for him. The love of his life.

Darling just dive right in Follow my lead

He remembered that night. The night that changed his life, for better or worse. The rustling of the leaves, Lucas', Dustin's and his racing hearts, turning around, flashlights up, to find her, standing in the rain.

Mike gaped at the girl standing before him.

"Are you ok?" He asked, taking a tentative step towards him. She simply shook her head.

"Are you hurt?" Mike asked, glancing at Lucas and Dustin, whose faces looked alarmed. She shook her head again. He turned back to his friends, mouthing, "Should we bring her?" Lucas violently shook his head no, and Dustin was still frozen in shock. He turned back to the mysterious girl, who was getting more soaked by the minute. He had no choice.

"I'm going to help you. Just follow me."

Well I found a girl beautiful andsweet

He remembered her innocence. When she tried to take off her clothes in front of them, not knowing what a friend or a promise was, having eyes only for her Eggos. He looked at the dark circles around her eyes, from makeup and exhaustion all together. The determined look on her face that proved she could do anything. They found each other. Finally.

I never knew you were the someone waiting for me

He never could have expected what had happened between them. He still didn't. He remembered that night, the night before he lost her for 353 days, the most agonizing days he could have possibly experienced. They were over. Finally.

"Do you like Eleven?" Nancy asked expectantly. Mike's face wrinkled in

disgust. "What? No! Ew! Gross!" He didn't realize how much he had been lying to himself.

He never knew that she was the one until that night, the night he looked at her and realized what he had been hiding from himself, denying. He never knew until it happened. Until he was falling in love.

'Cause we were just kids when we fell in love, not knowing what it was

He fell in love with her at the age of 13, far too young to even understand what love was. She didn't know what it was until she met him. He still didn't fully understand the butterflies floating around in his stomach that night he kissed her.

"Uh...uh...someone like a...," Mike stammered, not fully knowing, or even partially knowing, for that matter, how to explain this. That is when he looked at her and realized he was in love. He wasn't even sure what love was, what it felt like, but somehow he just knew. He didn't think, he didn't use his brain at all, just his heart. He leaned forward and kissed her like he would never see her again. He didn't know that was what would almost happen. When he pulled away, he saw the look of surprise and confusion on her face, mixed with an emotion that he wasn't sure he had seen on a face before. He wasn't sure, but he thought it was it. Love.

It was her. Really her. "Eleven..." he gasped breathlessly, walking towards her, not sure if this was a dream or reality. "Mike!" She whispered back, rushing towards him. He wrapped her arms around her, so tight, just because he was scared of what would happen if he let go. He pulled away from her, still holding on to her arms. "I never gave up on you. I called you every night. Every night for-" "353 days." He was confused, for a minute forgetting that she was psychic. "I heard." The confusion turned to hurt. Not anger, he could never be angry at her. But hurt. "Why didn't you tell me you were there? That you were ok?" "Because I wouldn't let her." Hopper stated plainly, stepping forward. "What the hell is this? Where have you been?" Hopper asked calmly. "Where have YOU been?" She retorted, hugging him. The realization hit him like lightning. All of a sudden, all of that anger, that rage that lingered in him because of the hell Will and his family were going through, the secrets and lies, the pain of not being

able to see her, the pain of not even knowing if she was alive, it all came back, channelling into one spot. The person, in his eyes, the one barrier between him and the love of his life. "You've been hiding her." Hopper ignored him, but Joyce looked shocked. "You've been hiding her this whole time!" Everything collapsed into a blur of fury. He remembered yelling and screaming and fighting, until losing her and finding her back again crashed over him, the pain, the anguish, the heartbreak, the tears all crashing down at once, until he found himself sobbing in Hopper's arms. When they emerged, they knew that they had to defeat this thing. Fast. They listened to the plan, deciding what to do and how to do it. How to close the gate. The fact that someone had to close the gate. "I can do it," she said, determined. Hopper was skeptical. But she was sure. At first, he avoided the subject. Passed through it. He was sure he could convince her to stay. They moved on. And somehow, now they were on the porch. Reality hit him. That he couldn't convince her to stay. But he could tell her to be safe. "Just be careful, alright? I can't lose you again." he murmured. She didn't know how much he meant it. He was sure he couldn't function if he did lose her. "You won't lose me." She whispered back. He wasn't sure. But then the word- their word- came into his head. He couldn't keep track of all the times he had said it. Before she came into his life, it was just another word, like apple or the. But now it meant everything to him. To them. From almost the first time they met, to the most heartbreaking night of his life, to right now. The word trembled on his lips. "Do you promise?" she looked up at him, and never had he been so happy for her to be able to do that. "Promise." Then their heads came closer, and closer, and he thought that he would get to feel her lips on his again, until Hopper's voice broke through the silence. "El... come on, let's go. It's time." She looked back at him, and all he wanted to do in that moment was take her in his arms and yell, "NO." But he couldn't. He nodded, and as she walked towards the car, he wanted to collapse, wanted to sob for the girl he lost and was so sure he was going to lose again. As she drove away, she looked back at him as he watched her leave, his tears threatening to fall.

Not gonna give you up this time

But that's when he did realize- even if he did lose her again, even if he would never find her again, he would never give up on her. Never.

He almost did. And those days when he wanted to, they were the worst. He would never, ever, ever give up, even if he was old and grey. He would never give up on her, give her up, not for anything in this universe.

Darling just kiss me slow, your heart is all I own

He didn't care if there was no one else left on earth, as long as he had her, or the hope that she was there. On that porch, he wanted to kiss her so badly. Finally, after a year. He needed to kiss her. He needed her. Without any piece of her, he couldn't live.

And in your eyes you're holding mine

He had her heart, and he would never let it go. But he knew she had his, and he didn't know what he would do if she let go. He prayed that she would never let go.

Everything was over. She sealed the portal, and when she came back to his arms, he didn't want to pull away or let her leave. The town began to heal. So did they. As the month went by, as the Snowball approached, the more they fell in love. They learned to depend on each other while independent. And then the day of the Snowball came. At first, she wasn't sure if she was allowed to go. Then Hopper surprised her at the last minute by giving her the Snowball pamphlet. As she got ready, Mike sat alone at the dance. He knew that she wasn't allowed to come, meanwhile all his friends had someone to dance with, even if it was Mike's sister. But he was alone. It must have been some cruel joke played just on him. Then the big doors into the gymnasium swung open, and she walked in. He stood up, in pleasant shock, and he couldn't bring himself to describe how beautiful she looked. He looked at her in awe, watching her as her eyes searched for his. When they finally met, she gave a small smile. They began to walk towards each other, drawn together like magnets, a force so strong that every compass needle would point towards them. When they met, Mike managed to stutter, "You look beautiful." She smiled and looked down at her feet. This was the moment he had been waiting for for so long. "Do you want to dance?" he asked, slightly nervously. She glanced around the room and bit her lip. "I... don't know how," she said, slightly embarrassed. "I don't either," he said with a chuckle. "Do you want to figure it out?" She smiled at him

and nodded. He reached out and took her hand, the hand he had waited so long to hold, and took her to the dance floor. He looked around at the others to see what they were doing, then gently guided her hands to his shoulders, while wrapping his arms around her waist. They both grinned, so happy to fulfill the promise they made to each other over a year ago. And they danced.

Baby, I'm dancing in the dark with you between my arms

That painful year was finally gone, and that promise that they made which felt like forever ago was finally coming true. He couldn't believe it. It was too good to be true. After all they had been through, he had to convince himself that this wasn't a dream, this was real, real as it could ever be. He held her and it seemed like they were in their own little world, just the two of them, with no one else to hurt them or tear them apart. No one could tear them apart.

Barefoot on the grass, listening to our favorite song

He smiled as they began to play his favorite song. He was happy. Not just happy, but happy with her. He was always happy with her.

When you said you looked a mess

"Still pretty?" She asked him, looking up.

He was talking to Lucas and Dustin, when their attention shifted to behind him. He turned and saw her, with the wig and the dress. He was in shock, his eyebrows raised. "Wow," Dustin said, mouth open. "She looks-" "Pretty," Mike finished. He knew that was not what Dustin was going to say, but to him, it was true. He saw Lucas giving him a strange look out of the corner of his eye, and quickly snapped back to reality. "Good," He corrected himself. "You look pretty good." But she knew that wasn't what he meant.

He gently scrubbed off the dirt from her face. "That's better," he said, putting the cloth away. She turned to the mirror. She touched her buzzed hair, and he knew that she was stressing about the wig. "You don't need it," he assured her. "Still pretty?" She asked, turning towards him. "Yeah! Pretty. Really pretty," He told her. And he meant it.

I whispered underneath my breath, you heard it.

"You are perfect." He smiled at her, leaning closer and closer to her.

You look perfect tonight.

"You are always perfect." He murmured. Then he kissed her. He had been waiting over a year to kiss her. And it, like her, like them, was perfect.

"Eleven?" Mike asked. "Yes?" "You are always perfect."

Aaaaaaaand cut! Whew! That was a really long one. I was gonna do the whole song, but I took one look at the length and I was like, "Nope!" This took me the whole afternoon to write! PM me or give a review if you want to see another of these! I already have a song in mind but I'm not sure if I should do it... anyways, let me know! I know, it's super angsty and fluffy but that is kinda my specialty as I just discovered... Yay! I hope you enjoyed!

I have the honor to be your obedient servant,

Rose Laurens